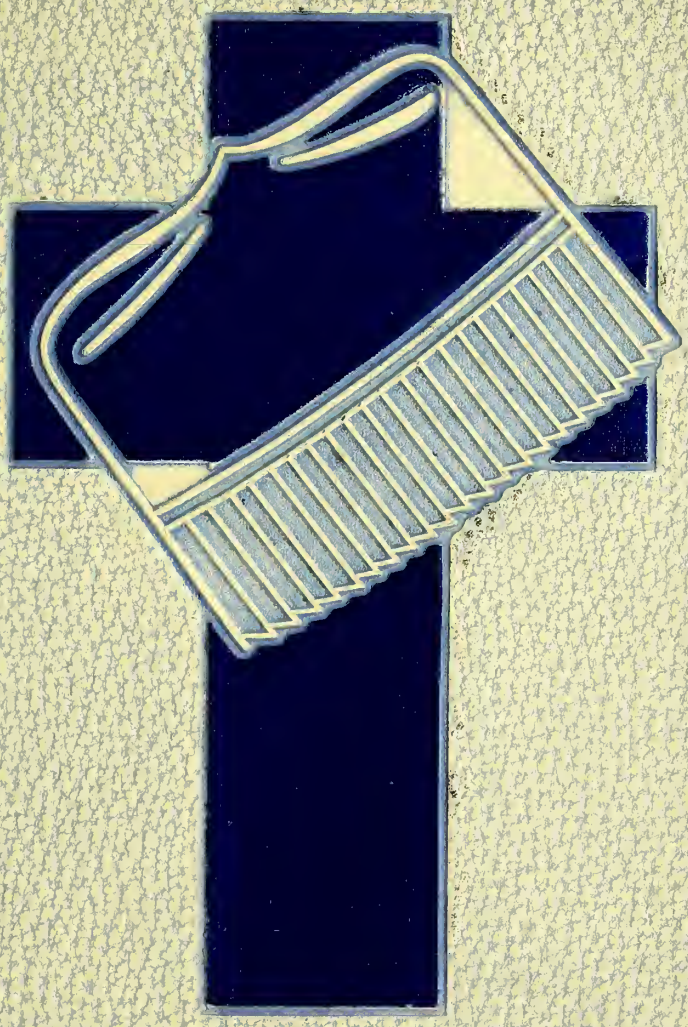
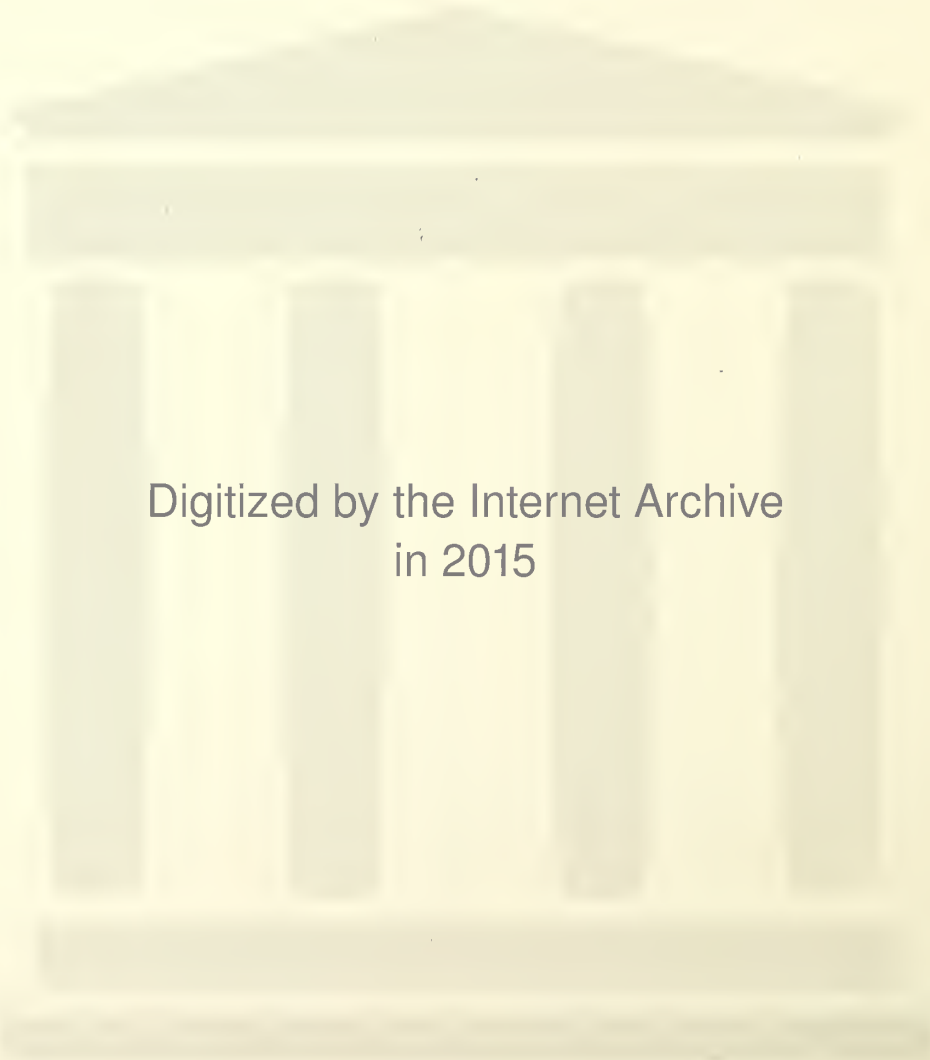


Cap & Cross

1947



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Cap & Cross

1947

COME WITH US - - - -

All Things Have Changed
And We Have Changed With Them

The Editorial Staff

HELEN ALBERT ..... *Editor*

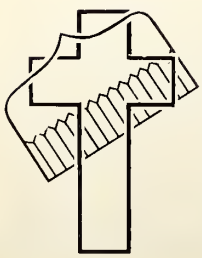
STASY MESEC ..... *Business Manager*

MAXINE MUELLER ..... *Photography Editor*

LAURA ROOD ..... *Art Editor*

LOIS HORNSBY ..... *Editorial Editor*

ANNE GREEN ..... *Production Manager*



St. Luke's School of Nursing

Dedication

MISS WILMA STEVENS
(Mrs. J. William Hawkins)

We, the Class of 1947-B, sincerely dedicate the *Cap and Cross* to Miss Wilma Stevens (Mrs. J. William Hawkins), who, through her constant encouragement and inspiration during our first two years of training, helped us lay a firm foundation on which we shall continually strive to build.

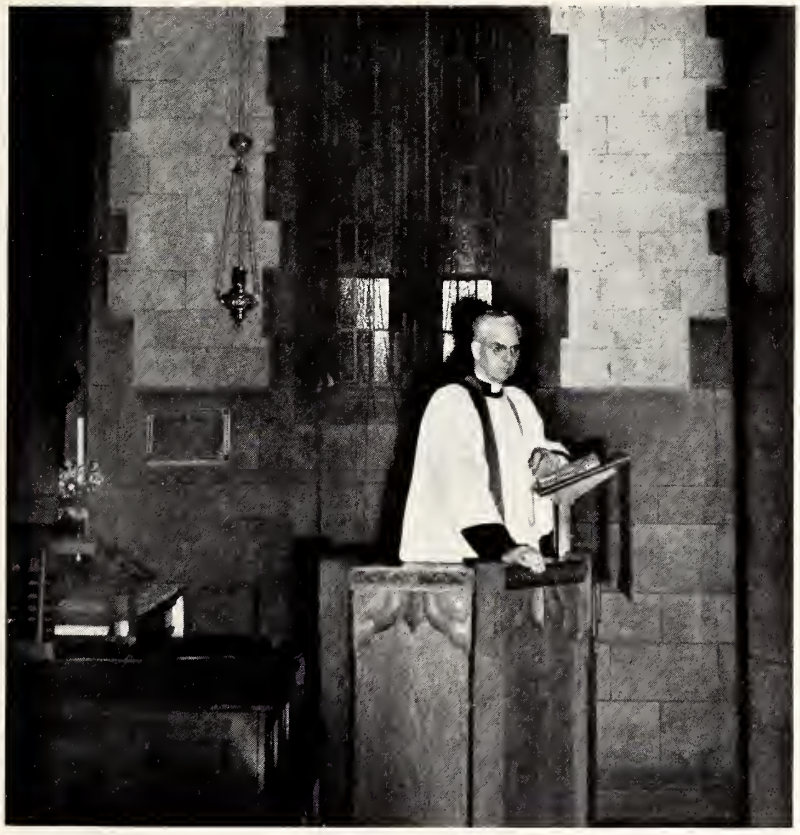
MISS MADELEINE
McCONNELL
Director
School of Nursing
and Nursing Service

St. Luke's School of Nursing

MR. LEO LYONS
Director
St. Luke's Hospital

St. Luke's Hospital

MRS. MARGARET MERRILL BELL
Assistant Director in Charge of Social Activities



REV. WILLIAM
TURTON TRAVIS
Rector,
Grace Episcopal Church

MISS MORGAN
MRS. ANDERSON
MISS McQUILAN
Schweppe Hostesses

MISS JOSEPHINE J. GILBERT
Assistant Director in Charge of Student Nursing Service

MISS ELSA A. RUDOLPH
Assistant Director in Charge of Auxiliary Personnel; Surgical Supplies and Equipment

MISS CORA E. KAY
Assistant Director in Charge of Graduate Nursing Service

MISS EMILY CARDEW
Assistant Director in Charge of Nursing Education

MISS OLIVE FROST
Supervisor and Instructor in Medical Nursing

Not

MISS GLADYS TIEGS
Assistant Supervisor and Instructor Night Nursing

MISS KATHRYN BUCHAT
Supervisor and Instructor in Obstetrical Nursing

MISS NORA GAULKE
Assistant Supervisor and Instructor in Pediatric Nursing

MISS J. EVELYN
VAN DE STEEG
Supervisor and Instructor in Surgical Nursing

MISS MARIE STEINKE
Assistant Supervisor and Instructor in Surgical Nursing

MISS MARIE C. ANTE
Supervisor and Instructor in Operating Rooms

MISS STELLA F. KONECKO
Supervisor of Student Health Service

MISS LAETITIA M. ROE
Supervisor and Instructor in Neuropsychiatric Nursing

Pictured

MISS HETTIE GOOCH
Supervisor and Instructor Out Patient Department Nursing

MRS. HELEN S. RUTHERFORD
Supervisor and Instructor, Afternoon and Night Nursing

MISS IDA GINDELE
Assistant Supervisor and Instructor Medical-Surgical Private Floors, Smith Memorial Building

MISS MILLER
E Floor — Smith

MISS STANSBERRY
B Floor — Smith

MISS KONECKO
and DR. BLOCKSMA
Health Service — M-13

A LOOK A

MISS STEINKE and DR. D. MURRAY
Main 6

MISS ZEEMAN
Main 6

MISS PIPER and MISS VICKERY
Main 11

MISS TRAAS and STUDENTS
Main 12

MISS TRACY and DR. STROHL
Main 17

MISS KEHNL
Main 16

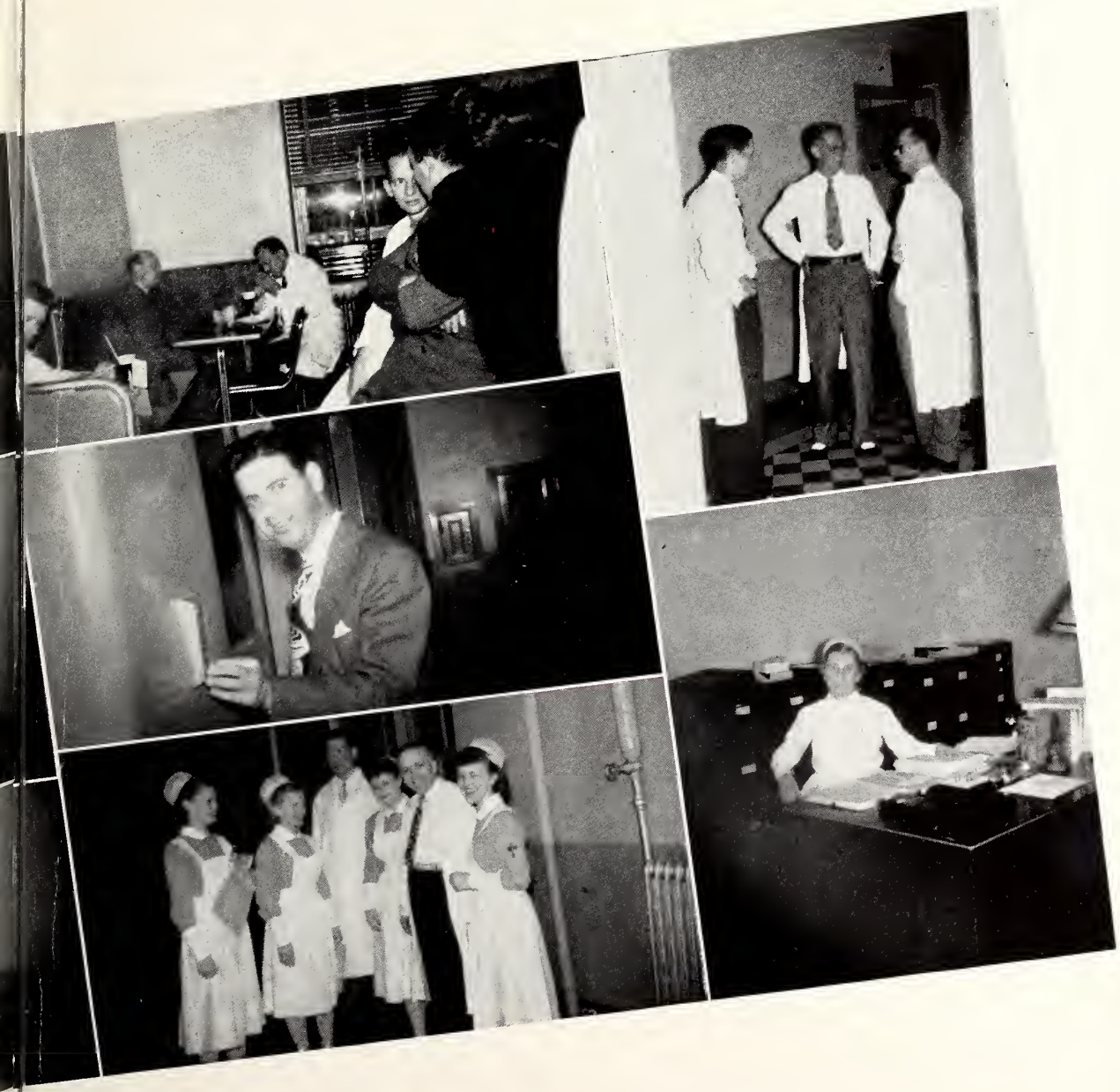
AT LUKE'S

MISS GODIN, DR. SCUPHAM,
and DR. REAGAN
C Floor — Smith

MISS EGER and STUDENT
Main 14

MISS POSTELWAITE, MISS MEASKA,
and MISS GINDELE
D Floor — Smith

SCENES AROUND - -



- - THE HOSPITAL

And So It Begins - -

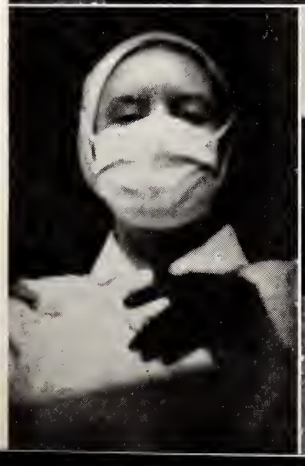
On the 20th of September in 1944
Came 80 new probies to St. Luke's open door.
We were loaded with bags, for we were to stay
And few there were who went astray.
Our spirits were high and we thrilled at each sight
Our tension rose to a sleepless nite.
Piled with books our schedules we scanned
And realized our work must all be planned.
Draped in sheets for our first Px
To see if we were well or physical wrecks.
Up bright and early the first Monday morn
Completely bewildered, amazed and forlorn.
By this time the first whelms of homesickness came
And you started to wonder if you'd play the game.
But off we trecked to our classes galore
Wondering what each of them held in store.
We soon were surrounded by tests and exams —
Staying up all hours for last minute crams.

Then uniform tea and work on the floor —
At least we were beginning to open the door
To see what nursing really meant
And how many long hours were to be spent.

PROBIE

DAYS

At last we discarded our Little "Dutch wings" —
And put on our "Caps" — those wonderful things!
Next day we were freshmen and how things were changed.
Classes and hours were all rearranged.
And a Sunday long day looked like heaven.
We started our session of shift and nights,
Giving hypos and I.M.'s and answering lights.
We moved to Schweppe and oh, what fun.
Three to a room instead of just one.
No study hours every night of the week
No gym class to go to with aching feet.
Working down in the D.K. where things weren't so formal
Was quite a relief from the previous turmoil.
We served special trays and weighed food for diabetics
Putting into action what we'd learned in dietetics.
After six weeks in the D.K. we staggered on —
For we were getting older, and must move along.
Surgery with its mysteries revealed —
Held a great fascination and really appealed.
We circulated and sometimes we'd scrub
In what seemed to be a constant hub-bub.
But things moved along and so did we.



Next thing we knew — we were down in O.B.
We worked quite hard, some days, that is —
Bringing to parents little bundles of bliss.
On call all night — on duty next day
Made you walk with a stuporous sway.
The babes in the nursery just eat and sleep
And the diapers dry, you must try and keep.
After 16 weeks there, we heard they had need
For a bunch of eager beavers up in Ped.

You walked on M-8 that fateful day
And thought how you'd like to be taken away.
But the kids were so cute, you forgot your fear
And soon every one became new and dear.
They smiled and talked and called out your name
And yelled with great vigor until you came
And read them a story or played some game.
Or maybe the little boy in the corner caught your eye
And they were so afraid that he might die.
When he looked up at you and smiled the best he could
You knew he must live, that he should and would.
And later he yelled as loud as the rest
Then you read him the story he liked the best.
You can't forget the nursery up there on 8 —
Only three weeks there unless six was your fate.
You fed, and changed diapers until you were blue
And went flying off duty when you got your cue.
But all in all it's a pretty nice place —
And you'll remember long each clean shiny face.
Then they took you away from each nice thing
But those memories of Ped will always cling.

From Peds we went to Cocoanut Grove
Where, with psychotics we were left to rove.
The rec room and always a wild bridge game —
Nothing up there was ever tame.
A key was lost so we'd look around
And search frantically 'til it was found.
We'd look at each other in serious thought
Each wondering if the other with a "conflict" were frought.
EST's and Insulin Shock
To help alleviate some mental block.
The results were slow but well worthwhile
When one of your patients gave his first smile.
Now we're almost through with this rage
But first let's take a look at contage.

CONT

T'was the night before leaving
And all through the dorm —
The seniors were packing
The juniors forlorn —
And I in my p. j.'s and she in her gown
Had just laid our heads on our pillows
of down.
When what to our weary heads should flash
But glimpses of "contage" and the whole
senior class.
The day we all came loaded down with
our bags —
The first night in our beds with their creaks
and their sags.
At clinic they showed us how to make a bed
To discharge a patient and care for the dead.
In class we learned of the "Ayrea" clean
And the "Ayrea" where we should never
be seen.
The "Whoopers" over in building three,
Were a joy to some — a grief to me.
Some just whooped and others turned blue—
"Where is the suction and what should
we do?"
The receiving room was always fun
A chat with Olsen when admissions were
done.
The dog bites were many and oh what a
task

TAGE

Drawing up anti-toxin from each separate flask.
The formula room and its sterile technique
Squeezing oranges *that* way is really unique.
The drone of "iron-lungs" down in building 2-1.
My aching back — it wasn't much fun —
A patient three times as large as I
"Nurse, turn me over," would be his cry.
By pulling and tugging I'd try to aid —
But his comfort was less, I'm sadly afraid
Rounds by the "chief" was something to see
Being tailed by the boys — 1, 2 and 3.
"A new patient!" Dr. Brown would scream
And as she guessed the temp., Dr. Hoyne would beam —
His lecture on polio we all eagerly heard
As each of us listened to every wise word —
"Gad, but I'm sick," one gal cries
And off to nurses' clinic she flies —
Open your mouth, stick out your tongue,
Say Ah again — and now you're all done.
Off duty today — put these in your nose.
As you reach up to blow your blossoming rose.
So back to your room for a day of rest
To stay in bed is really a test.
Up for meals and up for classes
Up to keep filling the water glasses.

After being off duty for just one day
You felt renewed and go back to stay.
The doctors aided in their own subtle way
To help us enjoy every new day.
A winning smile here and a teasing joke there,
Someone tapping your cap or pulling your hair.
The dining room on pancake morning
Is like a hive when bees are swarming —
At other times the food was such
You didn't feel like eating much.
So off you'd go to Pop's Candy store —
One sundae always tasted like more.
The whipped cream on top was really a riot
Not quite the thing for those on a diet.
The "Spot"—the place to let down your hair
Pout out your troubles — sob in your beer.
So all you gals from Reese and Pres —
Luke's and Mercy and all the rest
As we leave MCDH behind
Pleasure, I'm sure, we'll always find
Hashing over the fun for quite an age
Of the gay times we had out at "Contage".
The Prom and Baccalaureate
Graduation and the Going-Out date
Loomed just head and will close the book
Of the tale of a three-year journey we took!

Graduation - -

The night had finally come when we could don our "whites" and feel that at last we were nearing the long-waited finish. To most people, the 23rd of May was just another day, but to us it was the greatest day we had ever known.

The halls of Schweppe were alive with excitement and anticipation. Every one of us looked like we would burst at the drop of a hat.

After taking many pictures and running eagerly about, we finally got into the cabs which had been very impatiently waiting and arrived at the church all aglow. It was the only time that any of us had felt sorry for those who had graduated in previous years.

In spite of the mix-ups we had at practice, the service went along without a flaw. It wasn't until we sang "O Master Let Me Walk with Thee" that the tears came to our eyes.

The pride swelled to an even greater height when they announced the awards to those of our class whom we knew deserved them. They were:

The President of the Board of Trustees Award for medical and surgical nursing — Doris Molbo.

The Medical Staff Award for medical and surgical nursing — Virginia Walker.

The Mrs. Charles H. Morse Award for "all-around" nursing — Stasy Mesec.

The Martha Hughitt McCullough Memorial Award for bedside nursing — Florence Wolf.

The Charles H. Schweppe Memorial Award for psychiatric nursing — Laura Rood.

The Mrs. John W. Gary Award for obstetrical nursing — Sybeline Buurstra.

The Harriet Fulmer Award for highest scholastic standing — Doris Molbo.

The Woman's Board Award for pediatric nursing — Mary Montgomery.

The Woman's Board Award for operating room nursing — Agnes Wiersma.

Soon after that we had to leave, and our great hour of glory was nearing the end, but as we walked up the aisle, our hearts swelled with pride and thankfulness for everything.

When we got back to Schweppe, we realized that the reception was the crowning glory to the end, which was really our beginning.

May 23, 1947

A Look at the Future - -

The phrase, "look to the future", is being heard frequently in these days of rapid change and new developments. So too, the admonition, remember, is used over and over in our daily living. Remember the early beginnings, the struggles and accomplishments; remember the past as a guide to the present.

As students, especially as preclinicals and freshmen, we were inclined to be so engrossed in our work and in such deep concentration over our individual efforts that we were unaware of the strong forces which molded nursing into the high profession of today. True, History of Nursing was a part of the early curriculum, but there existed little basis for comparison and thus no appreciation of the steady rise of standards, skills and status through the years. And the future? Our future was very vague and obscure many times then — our progress punctuated by memorable and morale lifting events — actual possession of "blues", capping, Junior Crosses, Senior cuffs, and the crowning glory, "whites"!

The future of nursing as a vital, expanding, and strongly influential profession is dependent upon its members' actions, which in turn are governed by the nurses' aims and ideals, an appreciation of their rich heritage, and a concept of the problems and improvements which the future holds. The profession can be as large as the influence of its individual members.

If, when you look to the future, you see a stronger nursing unity between countries, expanded psychiatric and public health fields, new nursing responsibilities assumed, improved clinical education for students, or modern nursing in the remote parts of the earth, remember that the nurses of today, those with high ideals and an eye to the future, actively participating in their field of nursing and composing an integral part of their district and state nursing organizations, are the actual makers of tomorrow.

"Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, — act in the living Present!
Heart within, God o'erhead!

Lives of great men remind us
We can make our lives sublime
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing —
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

Florence Nightingale Pledge

"I solemnly pledge myself before God, and in the presence of this assembly, to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug. I will do all in my power to maintain and elevate the standard of my profession and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling. With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care."

The Class

JEAN ADKIN

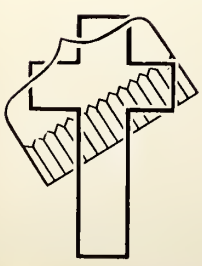
HELEN M. ALBERT

LOUISE BENN

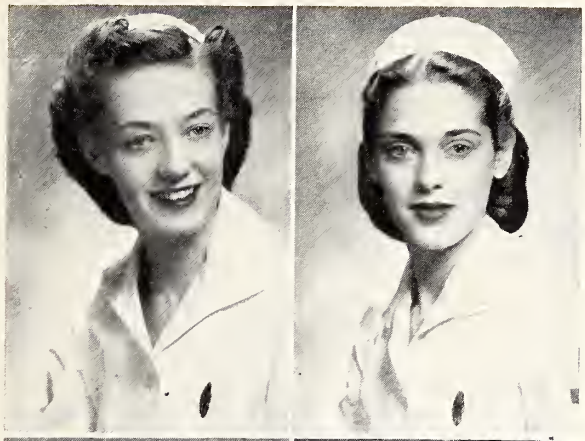
ANNA BREEN

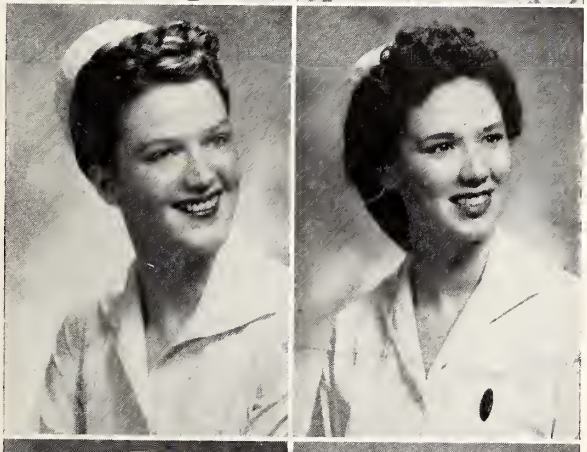
PATRICIA ANNE CROWLEY

BETTY CUSTER MICHAL



St. Luke's School of Nursing





of 1947-B

JUNE DEEGANS MAHONEY

WILMA B. EVELSIZER

ISABEL GOTTSCHALK

MARY ANNE GREEN

RUTH GREGERSEN

JUNE M. HAIFLEY

JOYCE HENKE

KATHRYN HOLLISTER

The Class

VIRGINIA HOOPES

LOIS HORNSBY

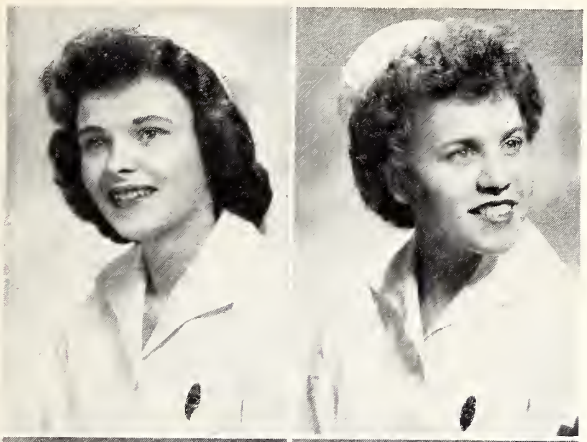
JEAN HUGHES

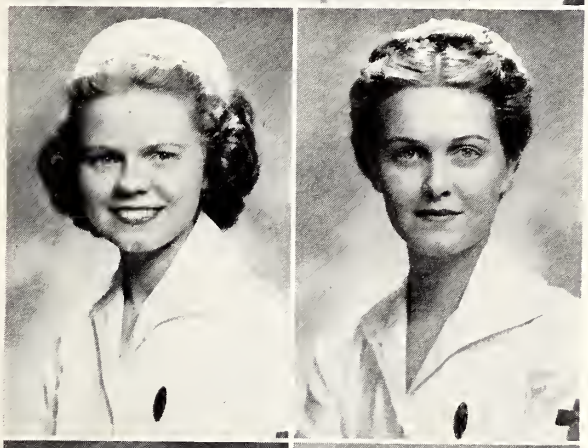
MARJORIE JOHNSON

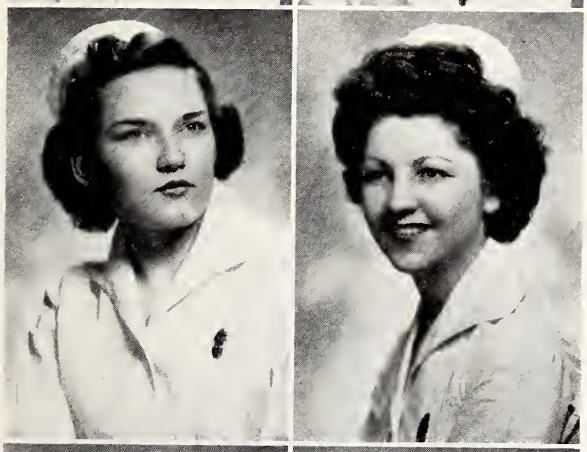
SHIRLEY M. JOHNSON

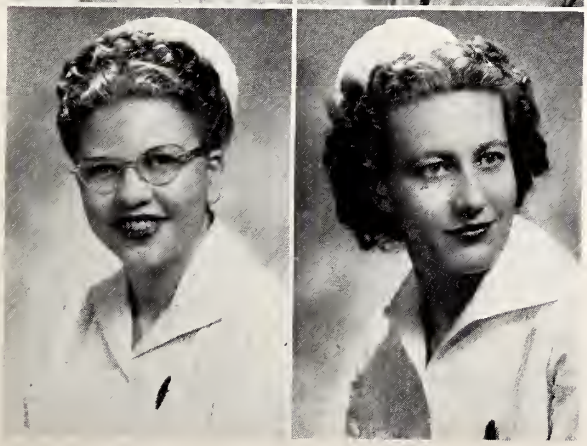
DOROTHY JANE KERNCHEN

St. Luke's School of Nursing









of 1947-B

DOROTHY LAMB

GRACE LEIMETZ

LOIS MATZ

ALICE McCAFFREY

PATRICIA McMAHAN

STASY MESEC

Miss McConnell -
With sincere appreciation
for all the helpful
advice you have given
me.
Miss Mesec

LOIS MOHRMAN

DORIS MOLBO

The Class

CORNELIA J. MORRIS

MAXINE MUELLER

MARION NASH

VELM NEIL

ELIZABETH ANN PREST

JUNE PUTTS BRUNDAGE

St. Luke's School of Nursing

# of 1947-B

RUTH RESCHKE

GINGER BERNADINE RODGERS

EVELYN ROGERS

LAURA ROOD

Miss W. Connell:
With my gratitude is
deeply entwined
opportunity to have had
of
to know you.
Laura Rood

ROSEMARIE RYCHLY COHN

JUNE SCHAFFENBURG

BETTY SCHLURAFF

BETTY LOU SCHULZE

The Class

FLORENCE SHIMKUS

MARGARET SMITH

EVA MAE SORENSEN

DOROTHY GAIL SPENCER

CARYL TAGGE

MYRA JEAN TOUSSAINT

St. Luke's School of Nursing

of 1947-B

ELEANOR VANDER MEYDE

VIRGINIA WALKER CUMMINGS

MARY ELIZABETH WALLING

DONNA LEE WHITE

AGNES WIERSMA VERDUIN

FLORENCE WOLF

St. Luke's Hospital

School Hymn

O Master, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In faith that triumphs over wrong,

In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live. Amen.

Washington Gladden, 1879

Saint Luke's Prayer

Almighty God, who didst inspire Thy servant Saint Luke the physician, to set forth in the Gospel the love and healing power of the Son; Manifest in Thy church the like power and love, to the healing of our bodies and our souls; through the same Thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

First Row: M. Molster, E. Jensen, D. Knicely, G. Heardon, C. Nebel, G. Masse, E. Koehler, I. Wills.

Second Row: E. Sanchez, V. Simmons, J. Leach, J. De Mars, V. Baker, C. Camp, A. Herman, B. William, M. Arntson, J. Giese.

Third Row: J. Zach, M. Stanbrough, D. Perry, K. Mortel, G. Brannen, E. Stewart, A. O'Conner, B. Klingenhagen, R. Merril, A. Hewitt, L. Wilson, J. Upchurch, A. Schiable, E. Koets, L. Schnewless.

Class of 1948-A

Next in line for graduation and white uniforms — Busy raising money for their annual — Anticipating Cadet affiliation.

First Row: A. Welty, H. Holtom, M. Moss, E. Retza, B. Fiege, K. Oliver, E. MacPhail, K. Keefe, C. Stearns.

Second Row: C. Kleiser, J. Jesperson, P. Lind.

Third Row: E. Keb, L. Davelis, M. Miethe, L. Buchanan, J. Millard, L. Schroyer, A. Erickson, L. Fedderson, S. Birch, C. Witt, R. Schnhage.

Fourth Row: A. Long, M. Haines, N. Platt, H. Young, L. Nicolai, D. Menecke, D. Foy, J. Chappelear, A. Reiss, P. Rennie, B. Johnson, B. Sovinski, M. Chapman, N. Frevert.

Class of 1948-B

"We're all pals together . . . " is the code of the '48-B Class. It manifests itself in the successfulness of numerous parties by the class and original financial endeavors — more famously known as "The Valet Service". (This is not a commercial — singing that is!)

They all are striving for a common goal — survival 'til Senior Linen Day! All signs and symptoms indicate a favorable prognosis.

First Row: H. Wilhelm, W. Van de Steeg, M. Coleman, L. Thayer, L. Sobecki.

Second Row: D. Knezevich, M. Morgan, J. Nottleman, M. Schulze, L. De Long, P. Barwich, R. Nelson.

Third Row: P. Gerhard, J. Watson, B. Ross, M. Shipplock, B. Schinbeckler, B. Wilson, J. Young, B. Brown, D. Dimock.

Class of 1949-A

Vivacious and gay — Spending their time in specialties now — Have given several very successful social functions — Small in number, but powerful.

First Row: B. Trethewey, L. Ferro, B. Roosen, L. Stafford, C. Stewart, B. Thorup, R. Schultze.

Second Row: K. Hoeltje, J. Weiss, Z. Lantz, E. Kuhlmann, J. Heacock, V. Meyers, G. Frye, R. Bonthron, R. Hayes.

Third Row: R. Rearick, F. Blake, L. McCoy, M. Wellnitz, E. Bigger, P. Paddock, K. Price, J. Harlan, L. Anderson, J. Crabtree, A. Grimmson, H. Haugen, B. Zwick.

Fourth Row: C. Clarke, E. Giertsen, M. Gerkin, E. Lindquist, E. Spliethoff, M. Stewart, M. Jenkinson, E. Birkholtz, B. Wagman, S. Ansel, P. Russell, J. Ohmann, P. Easter, J. Schweitzer, M. Ebinger, S. Matoura, D. Duncan, B. Kraud, D. Sailor.

Class of 1949-B

"You're the itty-bitty sisters of the
'47-B's,
And you'd better be good 'cause we're
hard to please.
Keep your hair off your collars and
your dress below your knees,
'Cause we want to be proud of the
'49-B's."
And we are too!

First Row: B. Campbell, M. Halyshyn, M. Wendland, S. Sanford, G. Nygard, H. Vellenett, G. Beerling.

Second Row: B. Mock, B. Haffine, E. Alexander, M. Lankston, B. Scheribel, S. Ackermann, R. Diedrich, J. Brough, V. Crowley, L. Connard, R. Rinne.

Third Row: R. Knapp, M. Brannon, J. Rosford, R. Nevers, G. Schlenner, E. Reicheldorfer, D. Klyczek, M. Scott, C. Kiffe, L. Curtis, B. Radke, P. Lawson.

Class of 1950-A

Bright new students just getting
launched —
Eager and anxious to learn —
A fine looking group —
We wish you the best of luck!

Class Will - -

We, the Class of 1947-B, St. Luke's Hospital, being of sound mind and in possession of all our faculties, do hereby bequeath the following possessions to our underclassmen.

Jean Adkin: My disposition and good humor to Mr. Zabel.

Helen Albert: My editorship to Edith Stewart, while I recover from a nervous breakdown.

Louise Benn: My boners in every department to Shirley Dyker.

Anna Breen: My cigarette episode in Psycho to anyone else who is fool enough to try.

Patricia Crowley: My affinity for witch boys to anyone who thinks she can handle them.

Betty Custer: My figure to Connie Camp and hopes she does as well with it.

June Deegans Mahoney: My ability to make the great decision to those who will probably never get the chance.

Wilma Evelsizer: My peaches and cream complexion to those who constantly break out.

Isabel Gottschalk: My late fall dips in the lake to those who wish to preserve professional dignity.

Anne Green: My bouyant enthusiasm to Ann O'Connor.

Ruth Gregersen: My "water wagon" to ayone who wants it.

June Haifley: My length to Jeanne Spratley.

Joyce Henke: My brown Stetson to Martha Malster.

Kathryn Hollister: My job of running the Juke box at every dance to a wallflower.

Virginia Hoopes: My episodes and pin-up boys at Contage to anyone who can get them.

Lois Hornsby: My wit to Lois Brannon.

Jean Hughes: I have already willed my Indiana drool to Frank, the orderly.

Marjorie Johnson and Lois Matz: Our Swedish duets to Director Harry Walsh.

Shirley Johnson: I refuse to will my pigs in the parlor as I want them myself.

Dorothy Jane Kernchen: My speed to Loretta Timler.

Dorothy Lamb: My nose to anybody who wants to win a doctor and a beautiful diamond.

Grace Leimetz: My butch hair cuts to those people who constantly hear, "My dear, your hair is on your collar."

Alice McCaffrey: My fantasy dream world to Leona Rembleske.

Patricia McMahan: My duty shoes to the Chicago Park district to be used as lifeboats.

Stasy Mesec: My enthusiasm for the ballet to each and every maid in Schweppe.

Lois Mohrman: My "Keople Peeping" to anyone who can keep repeating it.

Doris Molbo: My ability to win things to the president of some other class.

Cornelia Morris: My "Little girl slips" to Ayeliffe Schaible.

Maxine Mueller: My cap business to Annalee Hewitt and hope that business will go on as usual.

Marian Nash: My men to Jane Smith and hope she has as much success.

Velma Neill: My Irish temper to Alma Herman.

Elizabeth Prest: My quiet nature to Gloria Masse.

June Putts Brundage: My negative A-Z to some student who needs it.

Ruth Reschke: My inconspicuousness to Dorothy Perry.

Ginger Rodgers: My bed in the infirmary to Mary Stanbrough.

Evelyn Rogers: My ability to get past the desk to Ida Suete.

Laura Rood: My poise and diplomacy to Mr. Kelly in hopes that he can use it to improve conditions.

Rosemarie Rychly Cohn: My quick trips home to any young married matron.

June Schaffenberg: My ability to come in and out of training to anyone who needs a vacation.

Betty Schluraff: My date bureau and buzzer business to the "Saturday night is the Loneliest Night in the Week" girls.

Betty Schulze: My loquacious ability to anyone.

Florence Shimkus: My walks along Lake Michigan to Virginia Baker.

Margaret Smith: My interest in Freud to any poor student who can understand it.

Eve Sorenson: My Racine fables, "Special Deluxe", to Jean McBurney.

Dorothy Spencer: My pompadour to Betty Klingenhagen.

Carol Tagge: My constant questions to Esther Sanchez as I'm sure she can answer them.

Myra Toussaint: My whirlwind romance to anyone who can get away with it.

Eleanor Vander Myde: My Pluto to anyone who is lonesome.

Virginia Walker: My ability to sleep in class to Ruth Merrill.

Elizabeth Walling: My ability to get along with Miss Schultz at contage to all students going there as they will surely need it.

Agnes Wiersma Verdiun: My Dark Victory to those who fear a hitch in their wedding plans.

Donna White: My sign to anyone who has nerve enough to put it up in their room.

Florence Wolf: My beauty salon to Jeanne Giese.

Signed
CLASS OF 1947-B

Witnesses: Kilroy
Smoe
Richard

The CHICAG

10 Year Reunion Ends in Riot!

The first reunion in ten years of the '47-B class of the St. Luke's Hospital School of Nursing ended in an uproar last night. Held in the Lost Horizon Room of the Ambassador South Hotel, the party was most evidently a huge success. A telegram, delivered at the close of the evening to Miss Eleanor Vander Meyde, director of the School of Nursing, was the climax to an evening made eventful by the appearance of such celebrities as Miss D. Jane Kernchen, famed woman suffragette, who delivered a lecture on "Why Women Should Be Allowed", and Miss Cornelia Morris, who spoke on "T. L. C." Also present were Stasy Mesec, wife of the ghost writer of the up and coming comedian, Skip-along Tassidy. The former Mary Ann Green, president of the Woman's Board, announced that the famed fashion show-off would be held in the fall on the luxurious show boat recently built and donated for this purpose by the great philanthropist, Patricia McMahon.

The exquisite flowers, Taraxachum Officinale, were sent from Utopia by Alice McCaffrey and were arranged in chains and draped ecstatically from the diamond studded chandeliers by Mrs. John Michals, the former Betty Custer. A letter received from Ruth Reschke, international consultant for the International Committee of the International Association of Sleepy Nurses, was read by Betty Schluraff, president of the Alumnae Association, who has recently been re-elected for the tenth consecutive year as house mother for the fourth floor of Main building. The letter contained news of the former Jean Hughes and Dorothy Lamb, whose husbands founded the now famous Juno Clinic which has done such splendid research on that dread disease "Internitis".

Miss Reschke also mentioned seeing Jean Adkin who has established numerous thirst-quenching "Stite Oases" scattered throughout the Mohabi Desert. Caryl Tagge, head of the C. A. S. (Committee for the Abolishment of Stite), seems to have her work cut out for her. The former Shirley Johnson sent to the meeting samples of Poppell's Pulverized Powder for Pedigreed Pigs, which she personally endorses; and Miss Donna White graciously donated folders on "How to Ride in a Rodeo", which she wrote for the exclusive use of her cowhands. After the speeches, Mrs. Harry Brundage, who was June Putts, and Mrs. Bill Cohn, the former Rosemarie Rychly, gave a clever little skit entitled "It Can Be Done", aided by their fourteen children. Miss Ginger Rodgers stopped in for a few minutes on her way to St. Luke's Hospital where she teaches toe dancing to the prematures on Main 8; and the former Eve Sorenson, national golf champion, extended an invitation to her magnificent estate in Racine "for a real home-cooked Danish meal". For your information, the horse tethered out in front of the Ambassador South belonged to Miss Ruth Gregersen who is doing a stupendous job of Frontier Nursing — and she is looking for new frontiers, too!

The editors are sure you remember way back in 1947 when the "flying disks" were first discovered by Miss Virginia Hoopes and later renamed "flying hoops", after the illustrious alumna. Miss Betty Lou Schulze, dealer in high finance extraordinaire, betook it upon herself to obtain the once unobtainable, and during the evening sold chances on a brand new 1958 "Diesel-powered Flying Hoop". Mrs. Cummings (Virginia Walker), who flew from Switzerland for the meeting, drew the largest straw; and when presented with the keys to the Hoop, made the noteworthy statement (and we quote), "But I already have one".

The former Velma Neil, present head of the committee for the abolishment of undesirable dates attended with her five red-headed children, who caused a minor commotion by playing darts with the green onions from the relish dishes. These were donated by Mrs. Neil Verduin (Agnes Weirsma) from her husband's current crop. The wine table was stacked from the cellar of the former Grace Leimetz who married California's leading apple grower. Shipped expressly for the occasion by Lois Mohrman from her ranch in the Dakota's was the "piece de resistance", roast breast of guinea hen under glass.

There were several minor mishaps when some of the guests, unaccustomed to the dim lighting, suffered cut lips and fingers and were treated by the staff doctors from St. Luke's Hospital; among them such former internes as Drs. Bridge, Chandler, Welts, Jasper, Weber, Kelly, Newman, Metzmaker, Dean, Poore, and Campbell.

O MOON

When the blood-rending and congestion subsided, a round table discussion was led by Marjorie Johnson covering the topics: "The Modern Student and Should She Be Allowed to Take Necrotic Odors" and "How to Irrigate a Fallopian Tube". Interesting comments on the latter subject were made by Isabel Gottschalk, scrub nurse for Dr. Prather, who was remembered by all for his ability as an interne to get back on Gyne Service.

The one disturbing note in an evening of gaiety was when the attendants came for two of the alumnae, the Misses Evelyn Rogers and Patricia Crowley. They have been detained on Smith 6 for the last ten years. It is thought that the nerve wracking work on the "Profiles" and "Class Prophecy" of the 47-B year book was too much for their sensitive minds. Miss Rogers insists upon writing accident reports in triplicate whenever she bumps into anyone, and Miss Crowley imagines she was the real brain behind the Pathology Department.

Announcements of the banquet, sent to Misses Louise Benn, Lois Hornsby, and Katherine Hollister are still being forwarded throughout the world trying to catch up with them — last heard of in freezing Tibet where they were trying to talk the head Llama out of his three oldest sons.

Miss Doris Molbo stood by the door and checked up on people arriving. She gave this interesting resume of the current doings of the 47-B alumnae. "Miss Myra J. Toussaint, now married, is back on M-7 teaching young students how to wash around red marks on the bottoms of bottles and trays. Florence Wolf fell asleep on M-15 shift with feet on the desk, and darn near broke her back when she tilted over backward. Lois Matz married a silver king and is now furnishing S. L. H. pre-clinicals with platinum bar pins and bandage scissors".

The long and the short of it, Misses Haifley and Henke, have a system whereby Miss Henke pushes low buttons for Indiana Ave.-bound traffic and Miss Haifley pushes high buttons for the Michigan-Ave.-bound traffic. These buttons, installed on B-floor, control the lighting for a huge neon sign giving explicit, detailed directions for reaching the opposite building.

It was reported that Beth Prest was suspended three months for wearing roller skates in Smith building while on private duty. June Schaffenburg has worked with a contemporary inventor and the product of their efforts is an alarm clock that reaches out and pokes the sleeper. She no longer has trouble getting up in the morning.

As we go to press, word has not yet been received concerning Helen Albert, who, it is believed, is wandering, bewildered somewhere among the uncharted South Sea Islands with 6000 copies of the "Cap and Cross".

The inevitable bridge foursome was formed when Mrs. Jack Mahoney (June Deegans) and Marion Nash, successor to Miss Gilbert, who left her blocks for this evening of frivolity, ran across the former Ann Breen, noted news commentator, and Chicago's leading socialite, Margaret Smith, who married "that well-known man-about-town". It is rumored that Mrs. Mahoney's losses exceeded $10,000. "Johnny-on-the-spot", Miss Maxine Mueller pulled forth her "Bridge at a Glance" by Culbertson and declared astutely that the game was not according to Hoyle. It is noted that Miss Mueller suffers an acute dermatitis when confronted with starched white organdy.

Regrets were sent by Miss Laura Rood who is detained in England doing hand-painted bedpan covers for the royal family. Also unable to attend was Miss Dorothy Spencer who is starring in the current revival of "Ecstasy".

Miss Elizabeth Walling has been elected social chairman of the Cosmopolite Supper Club on her platform of "Toothpicks Are Terriffic". (Miss Walling was presented with an ivory toothpick, sent from darkest Africa by the renowned bigger game hunter, Florence Shimkus).

The former Miss Wilma Evelsizer announced a new cure for varicosities. She explained glibly "If you must be up and about, keep your feet elevated".

The aforementioned telegram announcing that, at long last gold inlaid autoclaves were being installed in the Smith building, was followed by a stunned silence, then pandemonium broke loose.

SCHWEPPE LIBRARY

SCHWEPPE LOUNGE

AFTERNOON TEA

KIMONA LOUNGE

A FLOOR LOUNGE

The Student Council

The St. Luke's School of Nursing not only educates its young women in the art of being good nurses, but also develops their social consciousness and teaches them good citizenship. This is one of the objectives of the Cooperative Government Association, which was inaugurated in April, 1940. The Association's objecetives are more clearly set forth in this excerpt from it's constitution: "The purpose of this Association shall be to promote cooperation between the student and faculty groups, and to maintain with honor and judiciousness those virtues, values, and high objectives which are fundamental to a school of nursing."

All students are members of the C. G. A.; thus each student feels that she is a part of this working democracy and takes a definite interest in the school and the government program.

The organization is governed by a Council, on which are members representing each of the various classes, and faculty advisors. The Council is authorized to prepare rules and regulations on all matters within the jurisdiction of the student association and submit them for the approval of the student body. Committees are set up to plan the recreation program of the school, to budget finances, and to see that the rules and regulations of the school are enforced.

Class meetings are held approximately every month and suggestions are passed on to the school Council for consideration. The Council meets every month, and the C. G. A. meets three times a year. Besides the important business carried out at each meeting, an interesting program of speakers is also provided. Special projects of the past year included sending delegates to conventions of the International Council of Nurses and the American Nurses Association, and donations of textbooks and funds to needy nursing schools in other lands.

The officers of the Association have given generously of their time and attention to develop the organization, and the group has proved invaluable in planning the social program and interpreting the rules and regulations to the student body. The organization does much to discover and develop special qualities and abilities in the students and helps them to become all-around citizens with a broader outlook toward their place in the community.

Present S. G. A. officers are:

BETTY LOU SCHULZE ..... *President*
ESTHER SANCHEZ ..... *First Vice-President*
BEVERLY FIEGE ..... *Second Vice-President*
ELAINE FISCHER ..... *Secretary*
BETTY JO WILLIAMS ..... *Treasurer*
MISS STELLA KONECKO, MISS ELEANOR HOLMES ..... *Advisors*
MISS MADELEINE McCONNELL, MRS. M. BELL ..... *Ex-Officio*

Rules and Regulations

The judicial powers of the Cooperative Government Association are vested in the Rules and Regulations Committee. This committee is composed of the president and vice-president of each class and three faculty members. Ex-officio members are the social director and directoress of the school of nursing. The constitution and laws of the Cooperative Government Association are interpreted by this committee.

The conduct expected of St. Luke's students is such as any self-respecting earnest young woman would recognize as being fair and necessary in an institution of its kind. Each student is presented with a list of house regulations upon her arrival. It is understood that she will cooperate with the school in maintaining these regulations. Should there be any infringement of these regulations, the committee acts as a judge in these cases. Restriction of privileges are given according to the type of infringement. Each case is dealt with fairly and is considered individually at the monthly meeting of the Rules and Regulations Committee.

St. Luke's Woman's Board

The Rev. Dr. Clinton Locke, founder of St. Luke's hospital once called the Woman's Board, then known as the St. Luke's Board of Ladies, "The very sheet anchor of the Hospital". They serve as a very vital factor in the life of St. Luke's since they help to support every major activity of the hospital. Through their work, needed funds are raised, furnishings and equipment secured and maintained, and public interest aroused in their work. At their weekly gatherings they prepare many of the surgical dressings used in the hospital's operating rooms.

Some of their many and important activities include financing the expenses of the Social Service and Out Patient Department and Occupational Department. Annual contributions assist the hospital to obtain linens and supplies. They display an active interest in the Social Welfare of the student nurses including assistance in financing the entertainment schedule. Private nurses are supplied for patients who need them and are unable to pay. The Soda Fountain and Gift Shop for the convenience of patients and guests serves as a source of funds for the hospitalization of those unable to meet this expense. The big event of the year for the Woman's Board is the annual St. Luke's style show, the largest endeavor of this sort in the world, from which thousands of dollars are netted to assist in their work.

The Woman's Board has remained faithful and loyal in their work these many years, and we have no doubt as to the success of future years.

Our Ideal Senior

Hair — Isabel Gottschalk
Eyes — Velma Neill
Nose — Dorothy Lamb
Mouth — June Schaffenberg
Complexion — Wilma Evelsizer
Smile — Rosemarie Rychely
Figure — Betty Custer
Legs — June Deegans
Hands — June Haifley
Personality — Jean Hughes
Wit — Eve Sorenson
Poise — Laura Rood
Nursing ability — Doris Molbo
Ability to wear clothes — Evelyn Rogers
Adaptability — June Putts
"Naive" — Ruth Reschke
Ambition — Mary Ann Green
Spunk — Maxine Mueller
Teeth — Lois Matz
Temperament — Elizabeth Prest
Loquacious ability — Florence Shimkus
Sex appeal — Dorothy Spencer
Reserve — Elizabeth Walling
Vivacity — Betty Lou Schulze
Friendliness — Cornelia Morris
Athletic ability — Eleanor Vander Myde
Voice — Marion Nash
Carriage — Ruth Gregerson
Artistic ability — Ginger Rodgers
Sense of humor — Kathryn Hollister
Amiability — Jean Adkin
Dependability — Helen Albert
Effervescence — Louise Benn
Sophistication — Virginia Walker
Courtesy — Virginia Hoopes
Scholastic ability — Stasy Mesec
Realism — Joyce Henke
Idealism — Grace Leimetz
Romanticism — Alice McCaffery
Infectious laugh — Marjorie Johnson
Perfectionism — Agnes Wiersma
Graciousness — Margaret Smith
Carefree air — Patricia Crowley
Competence — Florence Wolf
Sincerity — Dorothy Jane Kernchen
Generosity — Myra Toussaint
High spirits — Betty Schluraff
Love for fun — Shirley Johnson
Tact — Lois Mohrman
Cleverness — Lois Hornsby
Amusing — Carol Tagge
Equestrian ability — Donna White
Loyalty — Patricia McMahan
Determination — Ann Breen.

Roll all these qualities into one and you've got it — the ideal '47-B.

Out of the Depths

"Are you trying to scare me?" — Tagge
Crowley, "Gee, I wonder what the H. N. O. wants me for now!"
"I'm going to ask for a split."
Dr. Finola, "Everybody's got a friend."
"Can I borrow your — ?"
"Corny" smoking a cigarette with her toes.
"When do we get cap material?"
"Has anyone got a nickel?"
"Who's going to the drug?"
"Will someone pick up my laundry?"
"All we need is a fourth."
"What are you going to wear?"
"Hey, are the hours up?"
"Oh-h-h-h, another Monday long day."
"Does the laundry go down tonight?"
"Who's got something to eat?"
"Think I'll sleep on my split."
"What's for dinner?"
Miss Van de Steeg — "Everything's all set up and ready to go."
"When do you finish?"
Mesec — "I think I'll take a shower."
"How many infractions before you have to see Miss McConnell?"
"How many specs did you have?"
"— and besides I had rooms 15, 16, the big ward, and the sun porch!!"
"Oh, nurse?"
"Jiggers, kids, roll down your sleeves!"
"Girls, you know it's after ten-thirty."

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

Miss Ruby Fredrickson - Assistant Social Director

GENTLY IN MANNER, STRONGLY IN DEED

Now we're wearing senior cuffs, not having to take as many rebuffs
For now we're in charge of nights and shift, don't think it doesn't give you a lift
Not to mention the worry and care that you as a charge nurse are required to bear

The Chicago Association of Student Nurses

February 11, 1946, a group of student nurses from several hospitals in the city of Chicago met at St. Luke's Hospital Nurses' Home in order to discuss a possible inter-school sports program. Out of this meeting came the idea for a Chicago Association of Student Nurses. In March, 1946, a meeting was held at the Cook County Hospital School of Nursing with directors of nursing and student representatives. In April the group decided to approach the First District of the Illinois State Nurses' Association and ask them to act in an advisory capacity to the Association. In May a Constitution Committee was selected which worked throughout the summer formulating the Constitution. In June an advisory committee was appointed by the First District; this committee was headed by Miss Lois Hope Holiman, Assistant Director in charge of Education of Wesley Memorial Hospital, whose constant, excellent guidance has endeared her to all members of the Association. At the August meeting, the Constitution was approved and temporary officers were elected in order to conduct a membership drive.

The First Annual Meeting of the Chicago Association of Student Nurses was held in November, 1946. At this time twenty-two schools of nursing representing 2,530 students belonging to the Association. At this meeting permanent officers were elected, and the organization officially declared itself to be a functioning unit. Throughout the organizing period other inter-school nurses' organizations were consulted for advice and ideas. Much help was obtained through interested individuals in Nursing Education who were able to contribute through their experiences in professional groups. The First District helped in every way. Directors of Nursing from individual schools aided largely in giving much-needed advice and encouragement.

The success of the Association is due largely to the firm foundation laid by its originators. The Constitution has stated worthy and broad concepts, and every effort has been expended to maintain these standards. They are:

(1). To promote unity, closer relationships, and exchange of ideas among student nurses of Chicago.
(2). To acquaint student nurses with and prepare them for active participation in professional nursing organizations.
(3). To encourage closer graduate-student relationships.
(4). To contribute to the advancement of the profession.

During the past year the Association has been quite active in functions of varied professional and social activities. On May 1st, a Spring Formal Dance was held at the Lake Shore Athletic Club, and this event was a large factor in bringing new member schools into the Association; four schools have been added and raised the membership to 27,500 students. Another activity of the Association this past Spring has been the advancement of a fund for the purpose of bringing a graduate nurse from Europe to the International Council of Nurses at Atlantic City — this has been the only student group in Illinois to accomplish this task.

The outstanding function of the year was the appearance of Miss Anna Schwarzenberg, Executive Secretary of the International Council of nurses, at Hull House Auditorium. Miss Schwarzenberg inspired all present and gave some insight into the international problems in nursing.

At the April meeting two delegates were elected to attend the International Council of Nurses' convention; expenses were paid by the treasury of the Association.

The future plans of the Association are as far reaching as have been those of the past. Plans are being made for the suggestion of an all-state association to the annual meeting of the Illinois State Nurses' Association and for the immediate addition of all schools in First District, thus enlarging the Association to a still greater extent.

With the hope of continued cooperation and interest of all graduate and student nurses, we, the class of 1947, wish the Chicago Association of Student Nurses continued success in its work. Present officers are:

Joyce Cox (Michael Reese Hospital) ..... *President*
Edwinna Frye (Provident Hospital) ..... *First Vice-President*
Eleanor Vander Myde (St. Luke's Hospital) .. *Second Vice-President*
M. Claire Dagwell (Cook County Hospital) .. *Corresponding Secretary*
Jeanne Workman (South Shore Hospital) ..... *Recording Secretary*
Charles Wileg (Alexian Brothers Hospital) ..... *Treasurer*

ODD SHOTS

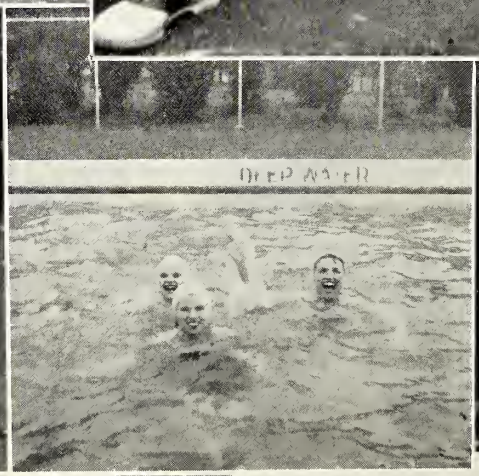
In Appreciation

We sat and wondered how we could say
A "Thank You" in the proper way.
We thought of a letter, but that was trite.
We thought of a plaque, but that wasn't right.
We thought of a gift, but what would it be?
We were really at a loss as you can see.
So we thought real hard, forgetting all our pranks,
And decided to give our very best "thanks".

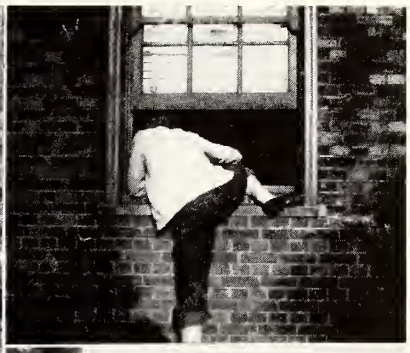
TO

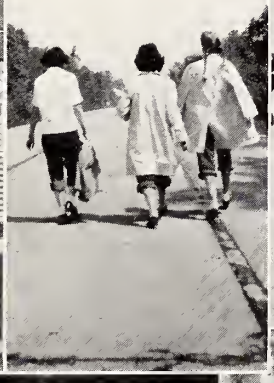
Dr. F. C. Jacobson
Dr. Janet Kinney
Dr. Ralph Dolkart
Dr. John Lindquist
Dr. Burton C. Kilbourne
Dr. Eugene Edwards
Dr. Robert Beebe
Dr. Geza de Takats
Dr. A. Reid Morrow
Dr. Robert McMillan
Dr. George Finola
Dr. Walter Theobald
Dr. Pierce Theobald
Dr. Edward A. Oliver
Dr. Louis Bothman
Dr. Alfred P. Solomon
Dr. Ben Lichtenstein
Dr. Ladislaus Meduna
Dr. S. C. Henn
Dr. Alfred Biggs
Dr. H. H. Boyle
Dr. S. S. Snider
Dr. Fowler
Dr. Mary E. Martin
Dr. Peck
Dr. John Coulter
Dr. William Holmes
Dr. T. P. Grauer
Dr. John Norcross
Mr. Louis Gdalman

SENIORS AT PLAY



OFF DUTY





1947-B Class Profiles

Jean Adkin—"Adkins"—Contagious laugh, do we love it!!—Remembered for her original book reports—Stite—The famed "Farm"
— Roguish and reliable

Helen Albert—"Albert"—Editor-in-Chief—Gamin grin and twinkling eyes—Likes hikes in stormy weather and sleeping in the sun
— Friendly and faithful

Louise Benn—"Weegie"—Forever with a chuckle—Rarely seen without the other two Caballeros—Fond of dramatic exclamations and taffy apples
—Carefree and competent

Ann Breen—"Breezy"—The eyes have it—Smooth as her name—Prefers bonded to blended, walks after dark, and cold showers
— Calm and curvacious

Patricia Crowley—"Pat Ann"—When Irish Eyes Are Smiling—Known for her pub-written poetry—Favorite pastimes: going out, going out, going all out
— Baffling and becoming

Betty Custer Michal—"Mrs. Mike"—Vivacious is the word—Never has enough time to sleep—Favorite things: Johnny Mike, flowers, and living
— Clever and capable

June Deegans Mahoney—Answers to all three—Made a beautiful bride—Likes married life, hotdogs with everything, and working on Main 15
— Pretty and poised

Wilma Evelsizer — "Willy" — Madonna-like face with a knowing sparkle—H. N. O.'s favorite night nurse—Would hate to do without Kenny, sleigh rides, our coke machine
— Sweet and sincere

Isabel Gottschalk — "Izzy" — Brown-eyed blond and cute—Likes swimming on the beach, wearing her roommate's clothes, and thinks tennis is not the game for her
— Enticing and efficient

Mary Ann Green—"Greeny"—Always has a lot of "different" ideas—"If I get a phone call, tell him—"—Is mad about Big Brothers, working shift as senior student, and finding other Iowans
— Amusing and active

Ruth Gregerson—"Greg"—Tall and so divinely fair—Favorite pastimes are walking off with the Psycho keys and exploring Chicago—Is the George Washington of the '47-B's
— Neat and natural

June Haifley—"Haif"—Slender, tender, and tall—Loves promoting international relationships, holding hands across the border, and growing four leafed clovers
—Engaged and enthusiastic

Joyce Henke—"Henke"—Rosy cheeked and droll—Best fudge maker we have—Likes stuffing animals, N. M. C., and working 3:30s
— Distinctive and debonair

Katherine Hollister — "Kathy" — Prettiest pride of Oshkosh—Famed for her record collection, tennis, and waking up a brunette
— Cheerful and constant

Virginia Hoopes—"Hooper"—Dark eyes and light heart—Favorite pastimes: trips to the drug, visiting, and her music
— Loyal and learned

Lois Hornsby—"Hornsby"—Pale hands we love—Last, littlest, but not the least—Likes collaborating on book reports, football games, filling the hamper
— Tiny and tantalizing

Jean Hughes—"Jeannie"—"The Man I Love"—Our singer of blues—With no blues to sing of—Pet possessions: Ben, French Renaissance, angel smile
— Sweet and sincere

Marjorie Johnson — "Marge" — Laughing eyes and chubby cheeks—Life's aim: to finish that yellow sweater (she finally did)—Favorite pastimes: winter sports and the HOME state
— Amiable and astute

Shirley Johnson — "Johnnie" — Little nose and big heart—"He's just my Bill"—Remembered for "Pigs in her parlor", numerous late leaves, and "Gee, not this month either!"
— Delightful and decisive

Dorothy Jane Kernchen — "D. J." — "Now listen, kids!!" (we listen)—Loves sleeping, weiner roasts, and raising money for the annual—Ambition: to be knee-high to a grasshopper
— Subtle and saucy

Dorothy Lamb—"Lambie"—"Oh, You Beautiful Doll"—Her pet possessions: Gene, Spode china, and her twin brother Jerry
— Darling and determined

Grace Leimitz—"Gracie"—Little yellow halo —Has almost worn out her pen and P. O. box but never her spirit—A gal of the Golden West
— Pert and piquant

Alice McCaffrey—"Mac"—Alice in Wonderland—"Chacun a son gout"—Wonders why she came in training, why people are so conventional, and where is Utopia
— Dreamy and diffident

Patricia McMahan—"Pat"—My size 9's will get me into trouble—Always ready to tell a better one—Known for her sewing, generosity, and lack of worries
— Sincere and steadfast

Lois Matz—"Loie"—Still water runs deep and smooth—Likes '47-B dances, brownies, cokes, and Smorgasbord
— Sweet and Sweedish

Stasy Mesec—"Stace"—twinkletoes—"My kingdom for a horse"—Has a passion for riding and flash bulbs—Always knows a friend who has a friend who—
— Agile and attractive

Lois Mohrman—"Lois"—Golden coronet for a lady—"South Dakota here I come"—Loves five changing days, the theatre, making a fourth for bridge
—Lively and likable

Doris Molbo—"Molbo"—The brain with a sense of humor—Favorite pastimes (and we quote): "Checking up on people", calling class meetings, and eating
— Lithesome and laughing

Cornelia Morris — "Corny Jeff" — Violent blushes when teased—"He's not my type"—Favorite pastimes: the Oak Street beach, window-shopping on Michigan Avenue—("But you should see Elmhurst")—Won't give up her little girl slips
— Dashing and devoted

Maxine Mueller—"Max"—Nimble fingers —Morning report gives her the "creeps"—Proud possessor of a professional family, concealing bangs, and her bronze baby shoes
— Happy and hopeful

Marion Nash—"Nash" or "Miss Mash" (Main 8)—"Where's the adhesive?"—Famous for her voice, her brother, and THE BAND—Favorite pastimes: lay away for payday, "dark men", and tennis
— Pert and playful

Velma Neil—"Neil" or "Red"—"Nemo me impune lacessit"—Prom coiffure!!—Loves nephew Pat, making those dreamy dresses, and Hedda Hopper's hats
— Vogue-ish and vivid

Elizabeth Prest—"Beth"—"Oh, really!"—Blue Danube eyes—Favorite pastimes: "Yes" to R. S. V. P's, buying papers (and reading them), and buttoning that other button
— English and engaging

June Putts Brundage—"Puttso"—"I'm just wild about Harry"—Can do without her negative A. Z.—Favorite pastimes: giggling, her apartment, and week-end trips to Michigan
— Fair and felicitous

Ruth Reschke—"Peanuts"—Much in little—Five foot two and eyes of blue—Pet possessions: buttercup clothes and beaming beaux —MAJESTIC
— Shy and surprising

Ginger Rodgers—"Ging"—"I already have a date"—Favorite pastimes: explaining why she is broke, domesticating poison ivy, and bringing out introverts—Our only green-eyed blonde
— Kindly and cute

Evelyn Rogers—"Pev"—"My pretty girl"—"Hey, VANDER MEYDE!!"—Can't do without her wintering in Florida, frat parties, and collapsible lungs
— Lovely and lenient

Laura Rood—"Laura"—Will-o'-the-wisp—Passes time by flying home, painting posters for the '47-B's, and horticulturing—Gives with smooth renditions of "The Man I Love"
— Pretty and particular

Rosemarie Rychly Cohn—"Rychly"—Two can live as cheaply as one (if one can plaster and paint)—Remembered for flaxen locks, every girl's dream of a Hope Chest, and Bill
—Mated and Mellow

June Schaffenburg—"Schaffenburg"—She broke it after fourteen years!—Known for liking her "Red", a small voice, and taking life easy

— Docile and dreamy

Betty Schluraff — "Betty" — Carnations at cost—Come hither eyes—Favorite pastimes: cleaning out her jewelry box, frequenting the theater, and eating

— Beguiling and busy

Betty Lou Schulze—"Schulze"—C. G. A. president—"I'll wait for a Proctor"—Pet possessions: lush lingerie, wings and rings, and lethargic loafers

— Smooth and spicy

Florence Shimkus — "Flip" — Claims she didn't sing very loud in old Stickney bathtubs—Favorite words, "more better"—Always ready to try something new, go to the beach, and see the *5th* roll around

— Fair and flippant

Margaret Smith—"Smitty"—"I wish I could give it away"—Pet possessions: silver jewelry, much-borrowed yellow coat, deceased potted plants

— Dainty and domestic

Eve Sorenson—"Soren"—The "Glo-Coat" girl—Everything's jake—"I won't take that from anyone"—Favorite pastimes: keeping us in stitches, golf, and long days in Racine

— Witty and winsome

Dorothy Spencer — "Dotty" — "Moonfaced, starry-eyed"—"My brother Johnny says—" —Remembered for: waiting for her Phil, All-American prom dates, "grinding coffee"

— Gay and groovey

Caryl Tagge—"Tagge"—The wind-blown bob—Likes collecting silver evening slippers and Clyde McCoy records—Famous last words, "Are you trying to scare me?"

— Casual and considerate

Myra Jean Toussaint—"Myra"—"Is I is, or is I ain't?"—Never a dull moment—Favorite possessions: a heart, her pretty solitaire, and the pot of boiling water she lived on for three months

— French and fervent

Eleanor Vander Meyde—"Van"—"Oh-h-h, Pumpkin-head, I feel so *good*"—Favorite pastimes: Stickney lounge q. a. m., bare feet, blue jeans, her BOOKS, and 9:30 phone calls

— Keen and knavish

Virginia Walker Cummings — "Bird" — "A loaf of bread and thou"—Favorite pastimes (way past): symphony to boogie, anti-gues, and oils

— Serene and striking

Elizabeth Walling—"Liz"—"If the shoe fits, I'll wear it"—Pet possessions: a tremulous laugh, overstocked wardrobe, and a candid camera

— Independent and idealistic

Donna White—"Kansas"—"Won't you play the piano for me, Pev?"—Loves the West and would like to pass time dancing the "off-beat" and riding the range—Say, guess who poured the tea?

— Breezy and beaming

Agnes Weirsma Verduin—"Agnes"—Tall and stately and a good friend—Known for: raising both eyebrows, blood, sweat, and toil over learning to knit, and a white orchid in June

— Groomed and good-natured

Florence Wolf—"Wolf"—"Subsequently and anon"—So many of us heard the snap of her scissors at the napes of our necks—Known for having an aim in life and a persistent heart and willing hands

— Ambitious and artful

EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

An Ode to the St. Luke's Nurse

At the crack of dawn, she opens the door
Her quick footsteps advance across the floor.
Her cheerful voice carols, "Arise and shine."
So you open your eyes and try to smile
But really you're thinking "Go away for awhile
And give me a chance for a last forty winks."
Quickly you find that's not what she thinks.
So you struggle awake and start the big battle
With basins and pans that clatter and rattle.
Down the corridor nurses are running a race
I hope Santa brings them some nice roller skates.
Then trays of breakfast (it seems you must eat
If you ever expect to get back on your feet).
Now the thermometer (the darn little pest)
From morn 'til night, it won't let you rest.
Then a nurse holds your hand but you soon find out
It's only your pulse she's thinking about.
Blood pressure comes next — it tells them the story
Of whether you're here or have gone to your glory.
Next comes the bath, then wonder of wonders
Clean sheets on your bed, both over and under.
In spite of the fact that you're there all the time,
They push you and roll you and get along fine.
Then in comes a nurse with a cute little tray
Filled with capsules and pills — you should see the array.
She peddles them out with the greatest of pleasure
A red one — two whites, and a green for good measure.
Then in comes another — "How much did you drink?"
So you stop what you're doing and sit there and think.
The four o'clock question, answer "yes" or "no".
If you're having guests, it flusters you so.
But even at that it's not nearly so bad
As other embarrassing moments we've had.
When some innocent doctor comes wandering in
But turned tail and fled, saying, "Be back again."
So that's the day's work, there's no rest for the wicked.
But they're trying to keep you from getting a ticket
To the place where its hot, or if you've really been good
A one-way flight to the realms up above.
Where the angels wear halos with nothing to do
But play little harps and sing carols for you.

So we grumble and gripe, but do as we're told
We're really not anxious to leave this old world —
Where the angels all work 'til they all but collapse
And their halos are little white organdie caps.

An Ode to the Interne

'Twas the middle of the nite, the doctors were sleeping,
But the nite duty nurse her vigil was keeping.
And all through the wards the patients were snoring
As if the whole world, they seemed to be ignoring.
But down at one end was one individual
Whom the nite nurse must check on her hourly vigil.
She'd check her pulse and each respiration,
And lend a keen ear from the nurses' station.
When all of a sudden at half past three
She looked down the hall, and what did she see?
No — no — it couldn't be true,
But it was, and now what should she do?
She worked and worked, but to no avail,
So she must call the interne and tell him her tale.
The operator quickly puts in a call,
And a sleepy voice answers, she really feels small.
"This is the night nurse up on twelve",
And into her story she quickly delves.
"We've checked her pulse, respirations are good".
Just trying to get him in a receptive mood.
"What happened — did our patient die"?
"I just called up to tell you — the I. V. ran dry!"

The Undergraduate Nurse

In a hospital you'll always find,
Gentle, efficient, always kind,
Making things better and never worse,
The reliable undergraduate nurse.

In her uniform of blue and white,
She certainly is a delightful sight.
Always a blessing and never a curse,
The lovely undergraduate nurse.

What a girl she'll make when her course is done,
What a splendid wife for some lucky one!
And so, give me for better or worse,
A beautiful undergraduate nurse.

Edward Gilfillan

THE WHITE ORGANDY CAP

Alone I stood, it was quiet without,
It didn't seem that a soul was about;
Looked from my mirror to the books on my bed,
I worked for that organdy cap on my head.

We all had to study, and often quite late,
Before the exams which decided our fate.
I'm glad now of all the volumes I read
'Cause I wanted an organdy cap on my head.

"I got it, I got it," I shouted that day,
And vowed there was nothing would stand in my way;
Though I tried and was sure my feet were of lead
I thought with a smile of the cap on my head.

We complained of the pleats when they wouldn't lay straight,
Wished the end of ruching would just match its mate;
"I'd never exchange it," we've tenderly said,
"None can equal that organdy cap on my head."

And so much it means to me! It is true,
The cap, the cross, the pin gold and blue,
In the way of good nursing, I'll surely be led
With the pleated white organdy cap on my head!

BLUE CROSS OF SAINT LUKE'S

Blue Cross of St. Luke's!
Revered by all who know it.
Precious emblem!
Earned by toil and tears.
Wear it proudly!
Hold it always dear,
Forget not what it cost,
Do naught to bring it shame,
Give always of your best
To soothe his pain
And mankind will you bless.
Do it in His name
Whose cross meant death
For mankind's sake.
And may
He watch and care for you
Your whole life thru,
I pray.

Pauline H. Dahlstrom

THE BLUE CROSS

In August, 1881, an organization known as the Association of the Blue Cross was incorporated, to provide means of every character for the benefit of nurses, to take care of them in illness, accident or misfortune and to raise the standard of the school by striving to make "the Spirit and Fear of the Lord" the basis of all work.

Pupil nurses and others interested in the school were eligible to membership and were admitted formally by proper office in the Chapel.

The badge of membership was a Latin Cross worked in blue on the sleeve of the left arm. It was recommended that all members use the Blue Cross prayer daily.

THE BLUE CROSS PRAYER

Most merciful God, whose blessed Son Jesus Christ, didst minister to the sick and suffering, and didst also command His disciples to take up the Cross and follow Him, grant to us, Thy servants, so to imitate Thy Son that we may be loving, pitiful and faithful in all our ministrations to Thy sick servants; support us in our work; shield us from temptations; help us to live in sympathy one with another, and at last bring us to Thy rest, through the same, Thy Son Jesus Christ. Amen.

After we've gone
There's no denyin'
After we've gone
You'll find 'em cryin'
They'll feel sad
We'll be glad,
And now we'll show 'em
We're the BEST THAT THEY'VE HAD.

Overtime hours
OH, let's forget it,
Graduate powers
We won't regret it.
We've had wonderful times here,
We part to face the world
With such a sublime fear.
Now that we're thru —
FAREWELL TO YOU, ST. LUKE'S ! !

From the locked doors up in Psycho
To the floor where Marske reigns
To the dear old Schweppe House we love
so well

Sing the clinicals assembled
With their scissors raised on high
As the magic of their nursing casts a spell

Yes, the magic of their griping
Of the life we love so well
Peds, DK, OR, Contagion and the rest
We will praise our cooks and kitchens
Till St. Lukeitis runs
Then we'll pass and be forgotten with the
rest.

We're poor little girls who
Have lost our way
Ha, Ha, Ha.

We're misguided classmates who
Have gone astray,
Ba, Ba, Ba.

Back home again
on Indiana
And it seems that I can see
Those gleaming bed pans bright,
Those little lites
Shining down the hall for me.

The cresothal sends out
It's fragrance
Cross the floors I used to roam.

When I dream about
The charting on my patients,
Then I long for
MY LITTLE SCHWEPPE HOME.

Take back your acites, aye, tympanites, aye
Your nephrities,
Aye, Aye, Aye.

That GU tubing, aye
Is simply oozing, aye
And then it clogs up —
Aye, Aye, Aye.

The gyne girl's back, aye
Get out the shock blocks, aye
The subcutaneous
Aye, Aye, Aye.

A new Laing patient — aye
Don't serve that breakfast — aye
Or two weeks added —
Aye, Aye, Aye.

If diabetic, aye
That means you'll test it — aye
Or you'll regret it
Aye, Aye, Aye.

Give iceless water — aye
Electric pad, now — aye
And Sof-Kurd feedings
Aye, Aye, Aye.

If no BM in the PM give an SS in the AM
Keep it warm now — for ABC
Here's my bedpan nurse —
Take it away

First, he shoots a little Solu-B
Then he adds the Vitamin C
Thiamin-riboflavin — alphalin
That's enough — That's enough
Take them back, My spine's out of whack
There's a strange click clack in the back of
of my sacro-ileac . .

Now Gilbert's orders — aye
Are: Measure intake — aye
And Measure output —
Aye, Aye, Aye.

A BMR first — aye
Then a chest film — aye
And salt-free diet,
Aye, Aye, Aye.

Give Aminophyllin — aye
Restrict their fluids — aye
And take their pressure,
Aye, Aye, Aye.

Don't forget a visualization
A. G. I. investigation
Weigh them daily
O. K.
Get that bedpan nurse and
Take it away ! !

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THE CLASS OF 1947-B

ST LUKE'S SCHOOL OF NURSING
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